

MY
OWN
PRIORITIES
TERMS

a screenplay by Gus Van Sant

revision August 28, 1990

1
Salmon jump over one another against the white waterfall, try as they might, they just can't make it over; but with time, they will.

2

View of a road cutting across the flat plains and leading to a mountain range.

P o r t L a n d

3
Inside a cheap hotel room, MIKE gasps in ecstasy, pants and sweats, his blond hair matted to his forehead in wet curls. His ecstasy reaches a climax. Then he is silent, and still.

He pauses. He looks down at his stomach, where land two leaf-like ten dollar bills. He sits up in a bed and buckles his belt. A MAN, wearing only his undershorts, stands up coughing and walks to a bathroom carrying his pants.

The man shuts the bathroom door.

Mike stuffs the money into his tight jeans, walks over and leans against the door of the bathroom...

MIKE

Walt?

WALT
Yeah, Mike....

MIKE
You think you'd spot me ten more dollars?

WALT
What for?

MIKE
It's for a friend. You're the only one that I can ask... I'll owe it to you I'll owe you a date, how about that?

WALT
Why don't you go ask your daddy?

MIKE
Well... we don't get along that well, Walt....

WALT
What's wrong with you and your daddy?

MIKE
Well, we don't get along well at all, no, he don't love me any more. Or else he wouldn't a gone and drowned out at Boxcar Canyon.

Mike is moved to tears, but we can see on Mike's side of the door, he is making it all up. For his expression changes when he sees THE MONEY slipping under the door.

He grabs it and is off, but returns briefly to thank Walt.

OUR VIEW cranes down along the side of the hotel and down to street level:

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In the town, at the end of the day as the sun is setting, SCOTT WALKS, carrying a bright colored nylon overnight bag, leading OUR VIEW down the street. Scott is about twenty-one, dark haired, good looking.

3

The streets are crowded with DIFFERENT WALKS of life co-existing, and seemingly unaware of each other, such as the FOUR BUSINESSMEN walking by us now, pointing at the upper floors of the new courthouse, stepping around two BIKERS and one vamping TRANSVESTITE.

MIKE CAN BE SEEN COMING OUT THE ENTRYWAY OF THE HOTEL near where Scott walks. They walk together. Street friends. Scottie gesturing wildly for Mike's amusement.

SCOTT

This area called "Three street" is peopled by street denizens who consider themselves masters of the make. They view the passing traffic as something to hustle. What a challenge to compete with such formidable opponents. You have heroin as your opponent. You have prostitutes again as your opponent. Such formidable and, I think, worthy opponents make us strong, but I think we should go up to Seattle, Mike, what do you think? We'll look for Bob up there.

Mike shrugs, not knowing what to do.

Scott stops and asks for a quarter from a lady putting money in a parking meter. She ignores him.

SCOTT

What a fucking bitch...you know she has the money, too...

Scott and Mike pass a DIRT COVERED YOUNG MAN with greasy long hair, a loner, talking with himself.

DIRT COVERED YOUNG MAN

The earth talks. I keep listening to the crickets at night-time. They are like little voices talking to me inside the fields and inside the earth. Why's that such a scary idea? I told that old woman and she got scared.

SCOTT CONTINUES HIS WALK, gesturing to the Dirt man to keep up the good talk. Then we can see a few street BOYS.

SCOTT

If we on the street have anything to sell, Mike, then we will sell. And most times all we have to sell is ourselves. I have been on Three Street for almost four years now. And yet, I don't consider myself really a part of it all. I feel like more of a visitor and an amateur.

We can see Mike on a street corner, hanging out. Three COUNTRY AND WESTERN kids from the DALLES, carrying a shoulder stereo that is playing a soft PATSY KLEIN TUNE, pass by on the street.

The dirt covered young man again...

DIRT COVERED

They make me feel humminning inside, like a electric clock. I don't like electrick clocks! My parents electric clock went on the blink. I wrote a note, why is the stove humminng. I like to listen to a cricket talking to me in bed. In Autumn the earth sings like an insect radio.

Mike walks down the street passing people in doorways, he pauses in a doorway, where a YOUNG GIRL, DENISE, is standing helplessly, wearing a white rabbit fur jacket. Mike gives Denise his extra ten dollars, kisses her and walks on, stopping on a streetcorner.

He looks across the street, and sees A WOMAN, who smiles benevolently, the street noises become more and more distant removing the woman from the rest of the city life. Mike sees her smile at him. It is his MOTHER. She looks like a mother but rather hard-core.

She looks down, and Mike is sleeping on her lap

MOTHER

Don't worry. Everything will be...

Mike snaps out of it and walks with the other people walking at the streetlight.

Safeway supermarket, where Mike is hungrily buying three packages of fast food with his new money. He spends half of the twenty dollars.

VIIEWS OF THE CITY AT NIGHT *digressing into the seedy areas of the small city.*

ARCADES. and yellow storefronts, of PORNOGRAPHIC BOOKSHOPS.

A FEW YOUNG MEN LOITER IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE BOOKSHOPS SOLICITOUSLY AND EYE A CUSTOMER.

WHO ENTERS THE BOOKSHOP.

INSIDE, WE SEE:

Counters displaying COLORFUL COMIC-LIKE plastic covered MAGAZINE and BOOK COVERS with names like HONCHO - DUTCH - JOYBOY. INDICATING A Homo-erotic section of the bookshop

GROUPS OF MEN loiter about the magazine shop flipping through the books and disappearing in and out of curtained doors.

THE COUNTERMAN is on the phone.

Next to him, on the cover of one of the magazines - a bright yellow background, jeans open two buttons on the top, shirtless wearing a black cowboy hat, is SCOTT again.

FULL VIEW of the MAGAZINE cover as Scott comes to life - and talks to us.

SCOTT

I never thought I could make it as a real model. You know, fashion-oriented modeling, because I'm

SCOTT (CONT'D)

better at full body poses. It's alright so long as the photographer doesn't come on to you and expect something for nothing. I'm trying to make a living, you know, and I like to have a professional attitude. Of course if the guy can pay me, then hell/yeah. Here I am for him. I'll sell my ass, I do it on the street occasionally, for cash. Or I'll be on the cover of a book.....(considering possibilities) It's when you start doing things for free that you start to grow wings. Isn't that right, Mike?

ON ANOTHER SHELF MIKE IS ON THE COVER OF A MAGAZINE in a similar erotic pose, shirtless, wearing a black g-string, (and hands tied above his head with the title of the magazine readind: G-string Jesus, Go down on history) STARTING TO MOVE AND SPEAK, ADRESSING SCOTT.

MIKE

What are you talking about now, you're always talking...

SCOTT

Wings, Michael, you grow wings and become a fairy

MIKE

I ain't no fairy.

ANOTHER COVERBOY INTERRUPTS MIKE AND SCOTT'S DISCUSSION.

COVERBOY

He ain't saying you is a fairy, faggot, he's saying that if you go working for free then you has no choice, you turn into a fairy, with wings and all. That's all he mean, dunk.

MIKE (to Scottie)

What do you care about money... shit. You've got plenty of money. You might as well do whatever it is that you do and we can just imagine what that is, for free.

COVERBOY
Is that right, sweetie?

OTHER COVERBOYS PERK UP, FLIRTING WITH SCOTT.

COVERBOY 2
How much is a bunch of money, honey?

COVERBOY 3
What are you doing on the cover of that
magazine, slumming?

Scott listens to all of them then looks back at Mike.

Mike smiles.

SCOTT
Actually, Mike is right, I am going to inherit
money. A lot of money.

J d R h o

The desert in the daytime.

MIKE enters the frame in front of a blue sky filled with white clouds. He has a Texaco gas station attendant's shirt on with a name tag that reads: BILL, (not Mike, his name)

The clouds are puffy against a deep blue sky. The road is red. Purple mountains surround Mike on all sides far in the distance, ten miles away.

Mike looks in front of him at a long stretch of road that disappears into the horizon.

Mike looks at his wristwatch on his arm. He times how long it takes to walk ten steps down the road. Ten seconds. He glances back at a duffle bag. The duffle bag falls over.

Mike looks at the picturesque sights surrounding him. A wind sends a tumble weed into the air. He takes ten steps back to his duffle bag and checks watch again.

The sun is now setting.

MIKE

(to himself)

You can always tell where you are by the way the road looks. Like I just know that I been to this place before. I just know that I been stuck here like this one fuckin' time before, you know that?

ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD A JACKRABBIT IS LISTENING TO HIM.

MIKE

There ain't no other road on earth that looks like this road. I mean, exactly like this road. (sniffs) One of a kind. (Sniffs) Like someone's face. Like a fucked up face...

THE ROAD HAS A DEFINITE FACE. TWO DISTANT CACTUS FOR EYES - A CLOUD SHADOW FOR A MOUTH, MOUNTAINS FOR HAIR... A "happy face."

Mike is tying his shoes. Then looks at the road.

MIKE

Once you see it, even for a second, you remember it, and you better not forget it, you gotta remember people and who they are, right? Friends and enemies. You gotta remember the road and where it is too...

MIKE STANDS AND SUDDENLY LUNGE AT THE LITTLE RABBIT LISTENING TO HIS CHAT ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND THE RABBIT RUNS FOR HIS LIFE. Which amuses Mike.

In the sky, Mike can see a picture of a family, his MOTHER, holding him as a child and an older BROTHER, about ten standing ferociously at their side. The brother has become the father.

Mike concentrates on the road.

MIKE

I'll be stuck here forever...

Mike looks at the road stressfully. The road looks back. He looks at the road....his eyes growing heavy. The road looks back...

Mikes yawns.

Mike looks like a backwoods character who fits into the terrain. Mike makes strange movements, like he is having an epileptic fit, then yawns like he is very tired, again.

HIS EYES TURN BACK IN HIS HEAD AND HE BEGINS TO SHAKE ALL OVER, EVEN DOWN TO THE FINGERTIPS. *We can see the* *fingertips, shaking and flittering.* THEN ALL GOES BLACK.

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EXT. STREET DAY

When Mike opens his eyes, he is in downtown PORTLAND OREGON.

A LOUD BUS drives by. He is asleep, then wakes enough to see STRANGERS rifling his pockets in a doorway, as HE sleepily looks on.

MIKE CLOSES HIS EYES AGAIN, AND WHEN HE OPENS THEM HE IS BACK...

IN THE COUNTRY. BUT THIS TIME A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TERRAIN. BECAUSE A LONG TIME HAS PASSED. HE IS ALSO WEARING DIFFERENT CLOTHES.

MIKE CHECKS HIS WATCH. He looks satisfied with the passage of time. HE SEEMS UNRUFFLED BY THE PASSING EVENTS. BUT WE NOTICE HE IS NOT IN CONTROL OF THEM.

MIKE LEANS AGAINST HIS DUFFLE BAG. HE LOOKS INTO A FIELD to his right. The wind blows a paper cup into the air.

Mike watches the cup tumble in the air, and with a few notes, a GUITAR follows. Then an uprooted cactus.

The paper cup, cactus and guitar lyrically trade places in the air, and are followed by a large barn, which twists and turns, then crashes directly into the middle of the road. Making a lot of noise, with splintery planks and shingles flying all around.

10

On the road. Riding in the back of a pickup truck.
Mike's shirt ruffles wildly in the 60 mph wind.

11

*A*nd the truck disappears into the sun, toward a steep mountain range.

S e a t t l e

12

RAY is a Chicano street kid, and he is reading the SEATTLE TIMES next to GARY, who is standing with Scottie on a street corner watching a shopowner clean the windows of his store.

Gary is hitting a public wastebasket with the end of a stick as a MAN in a MERCEDES BENZ drives by them very slowly, and looks at each one of the boys individually. Gary pauses for a moment and poses.

GARY

What the fuck is he looking at?

RAY

(to the man in the car)

What's up?

MAN

(in German)

Entschuldigung, junge...

The man in the car speeds off.

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INT. CAR DAY.

The guy has the look of Rainer Fassbinder and Geraldo Rivera as the same man; is of average build and has a

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wash of hair gracing his forehead, that looks quite foreign.
He turns to the right three times, circling his car.

OUT THE WINDOW OF THE CAR, we see the boys again.

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EXT. STREET

GARY

Think he wants to party?

SCOTT

He said "Entschuldigung, junge."

GARY

What's that mean? "Suck my dick?" Does he
want to suck my dick?

SCOTT

It means, "Excuse me, boys."

GARY

How do you know?

SCOTT

I studied German at Eagle Rock Academy...on the
east coast

GARY

You know, Scottie, I think you should go back to
the east coast.

SCOTT

Here he comes again.

THE MAN leans out the window of his car.

MAN

HELLO?

Gary leans into the man's car.

GARY
To the moon, dude.

MAN

(speaking with a thick German accent)
Excuse me. Can I speak to the young man over
there, with the blond hair, ya?

GARY

Who him?

(indicates Mike)

If you want to talk to him, you have to talk to
me first.

MAN

Can you wake him up?

GARY

No, you can't wake him...he's....I mean...he's got
AIDS...ha-ha... that's why he sleeps so much.
My name's Gary. This is Scottie. We're very
happy to meet you...

(Indicating bulge in his pants)
...see what I'm talking about?

The man is not interested in Gary. Gary pulls out a stop
watch he has around his neck.

GARY

I charge one dollar a minute, but for you, fifty
cents...(smile)

Gary starts the minute hand ticking.

GARY

Don't you want to party?

The man shakes his head no, bothered by Gary.

SCOTT

(Speaking fluent German)
*Was willst du in Gottesname mas be klare Bassage
oder ban als!*

MAN

(surprised)

*Du bist sehr intelligent mit deinem Akzent... Fuer
einen stricker*

THE MAN IN THE CAR SPEEDS OFF.

GARY

Alright then, asshole! Go home!

GARY is breathless, reacting to Scott's lingual abuilities.

GARY

Woa, way to go!

VIEW of Mike's sleeping face.

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INSIDE OF MIKE's thoughts. He is flying over the city streets, *above the Mercedes Benz, effortlessly hovering and gliding above it, between the buildings. Like a bird.*

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Meanwhile... *Ray is looking poetically off into the distance.*

RAY

My father was a cowboy. But nobody gonna find him. He killed a guy and split. Nobody gonna find that fuck. I never gonna find him.

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Mike wakes and looks at Scottie, who is talking to Gary.

Ray spits into the gutter and the spit drifts in a small stream made by the shop-owner who was washing his windows, down the street and into a drainage grating.

15

View of MIKE as he closes his eyes, oblivious to what is going on around him.

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The music in a DISCO blares, at night, and all we can see is Mike's face, sleeping. The disco MUSIC STOPS, and the lights go up.

A broom passes by Mike's head.

Finally, THE MANAGER'S SHOES appear at his head.

The shoes prod Mike.

MANAGER (o.s.)

Hey, wake up.

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Mike wakes up in a WARD ROOM BED in the daytime. He looks around him. The room has a lot of light, windows practically on all sides of the room. There are other DETOX men and women in other beds. Mike gets up and starts to walk out, but he is wearing a gown.

A nurse stops him.

NURSE

Excuse me. Are you alright?

Mike stops and looks at the nurse defensively.

NURSE

If you're going to leave us, it's okay, but we need you to sign out, and you'll need to get your clothes from downstairs.

MIKE

(he pauses and looks around the place)
Do you live here? This is a nice place, I wouldn't mind living here.

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NURSE

Why..no. But sometimes I feel like it is home to me.

The nurse walks him over to a clipboard on a desk. Mike signs the board, and she gives him a receipt. Mike doesn't know what the paper is for.

NURSE

That's just a receipt. You can throw it away if you don't want it. That's what most people do with it.

20

Then we cut to a gathering of angelic faces in the night, illuminated by car headlights until we see Mike's face, as his eyes open he takes a look around him, a little dazed, trying to figure where he is. We see he is under a store awning. A lot of fog is rolling across the street.

A twenty-eight year old woman stops in a Mercedes Benz sedan, similar to the one that the German man was driving. She motions Mike to get inside the car.

Dazed, Mike looks at the car, then responds.

MIKE

This chick is living in a new car ad.

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Inside a hallway entrance to the woman's home, Mike and the woman take off their jackets.

MIKE

This is like a dream. A pretty woman never picks me up.

Mike begins to caress her arm.

LADY

They Don't? Well. I Don't see why not...

MIKE
Is this your house?

LADY (caressing his head)
Yes...

Mike follows the woman into her...

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Living room where sit Scottie and Gary on a plush sofa.
Mike sees them.

MIKE
Oh...

Mike sits down in an easy chair next to the sofa.

MIKE
What's up, Gary? Scottie?

GARY
Hey, it's "Mike-the-dike."

LADY
You men make yourselves comfortable, and I'll be
right back. There're cokes in the refrigerator -
help yourself.

They watch her go.

SCOTTIE
She's cool. She just likes to have three guys,
'cause - it takes her a little while to get warmed
up. It's normal. Nothing kinky.

MIKE
Oh.

Mike looks around the room. Gary leans closer to Mike.

GARY
Hey, did you get into that Van Halen concert last

night?

MIKE

Concert?...I've never been to a "concert", dude.

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Interior of the Woman's bedroom. Mike takes a close look at the room picking up objects relating to things in the woman's life, studying them. Mike undresses. He waits by the side of the bed and takes a last drag on a cigarette and puts it out. Then the woman arrives, lets down her negligee and approaches Mike like an EARTH MOTHER, slowly, big breasted, warm, comforting.

As she approaches, Mike begins to see a familiar face. His mother (the same woman's face that we saw on the street earlier). He is upset when he looks into her eyes. And he begins to spasmodically shake then he grows sleepy, and finally, as she is upon him, he passes out.

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Outside, Gary and Scottie struggle with Mike's body.

They plop Mike down on the corner, under a streetlight, fold his arms under his stomach and bend him over so he is sitting up against the light pole.

SCOTT

(putting money into his pocket)

He always does this. I'm surprised he can exist like this.

GARY

How do we know he's okay?

SCOTT

Well, he's not dead.

Scott listens to his heart.

SCOTT

Listen.

Gary listens.

SCOTT

He's not dead. He's just passed out. It's a condition.

GARY

Scared the shit out of her. What causes it. Sex?

SCOTT

Narcolepsy, doctors say, is brought on by certain chemical reactions in the brain that come about in situations of stress. Some hustler, huh?

Silence for a second. Gary ponders the sentence Scott has just said.

GARY

Where are we going to take him?

Scott lifts Mike and carries him to a soft carpet of grass on the edge of a manicured lawn. Scott looks around to see if it is okay. Then he speaks to Mike even though he is asleep.

SCOTT

Hey, Mike. You stay here, and when you wake up, come back into town. I'll be waiting for you. You'll be safer here in this comfy neighborhood, than in the city. I grew up in a neighborhood like this. And my dad...

Scottie stops for a moment choking on the word "dad"

SCOTT

...has more fucking righteous gall than all the property and people he lords over, and those he also created. Like me. His son, I almost get sick thinking that I am a son to him...you know you have to be as good as him to keep up. You have to be able to lift as big a weight. You have to be able to throw that weight as far. Or make as much money. Or be as heartless...(beat) to hold your ground. My dad doesn't know that I'm just

a kid. He thinks I'm the competition.

A dog barks.

SCOTT

You have no home, ... I have one, but my goddamned old man and I just can't reach a common ground.

Scott looks at a warm light coming from a large house at the other end of the lawn. A couple inside the house are having an argument. Scottie gets a little choked up.

Gary, in the distance, is yelling for Scott.

Then he takes his jacket off and puts it over Mike.

SCOTT

In the morning, wipe the slugs off your face, and you're ready for the new day.

Then he leaves him there.

25

~~M~~ike's face is lying down with his nose pressed against a leafy ground in the daytime.

He wakes up, stands, makes his way to the street. He brushes himself off as the Mercedes Benz shows up again. Mike recognizes it, and walks up to the window of the car. It is the MAN, though, not the lady. the Man speaks with a German accent - and he is about 35 years old. HIS NAME IS HANS.

MIKE

Hi.

Hans

Say....

Hans reads Mike's shirt.

Hans

Say, Bill. What's happening?

21

Mike brushes himself off and walks down the road, thinking that the guy is weird.

MIKE

Nothing much.

Hans drives alongside Mike in his car.

Hans

Do you want a lift? Bill?

MIKE

Hey, isn't this the lady's car?

Hans

Is Alena a friend of yours? She's a friend of mine. Any friend of Alena's is a friend of mine. Do you want to be my friend?

MIKE

Not really.

Hans

Get in and I'll take you someplace. Yes? Where do you want to go?

Mike doesn't respond, and walks on.

He pauses a moment, and looks at the houses in the neighborhood. He looks down the street and can see Hans stopped in his car. The guy gets out, and leans against the car.

MIKE

This guy is a pervert. I can tell.

To Hans:

MIKE

Go home!

THE HOUSES LINE THE STREET, EACH WITH A LITTLE CALIFORNIA STYLE GARDEN. MIKE CAN SEE ALL THE ROOFS OF THE HOUSES LIFT OFF, AND THE FURNITURE INSIDE EACH HOUSE FLY OUT AND CIRCLE IN THE AIR. MIKE GETS THE JITTERS, AND PASSES OUT.

THE MERCEDES BENZ PULLS UP NEXT TO HIS HEAD, WHICH IS NOW ON THE GROUND.

P o p t / a d

26

When Mike wakes up he is in Scottie's arms. They sit under a statue in a park. The statue is of two Indians pointing out across the horizon, and at the base of the statue is written: *The Coming of the White Man*

Mike looks at Scott and then at the new surroundings.

MIKE
How'd we get home?

SCOTT
That German guy. Hans. He brought you downtown you were passed out. He said he was heading to Portland, so I asked him for a ride.

MIKE
I don't remember a German guy.

SCOTT
Well... you were sleeping.

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At the Broadway Cafe Mike bites into a hamburger.

MIKE

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How much do you make off me while I'm sleeping?

SCOTT

Just a ride, Mike. I don't make anything. What, you think that I sell your body while you are asleep.

MIKE

Yeah.

Scott sips from a coffee cup. Annoyed.

SCOTT

No Mike. I'm on your side.

He puts down the cup. Mike is a little nervous that he has maybe offended Scott.

MIKE

I was just kidding, dude.

SCOTT

Gary's up here somewhere, he left three days ago, he flew up with some hairdresser.

MIKE

Exotic. Have you seen Bob?

SCOTT

Bob! I don't know, but I hope he's in town. We'll have fun if Bob's in town!

MIKE

I wouldn't mind seeing Bob, if he was here.

SCOTT

Well, Bob, is probably staring at the inside of some jail cell, right now.

MIKE

Remember the time you and Bob dressed as women to go shoplifting and Bad George, after trying to pick you up, he was so scared he jumped in the Willamette River?

SCOTT

Yeah.

MIKE

And remember that time you and Bob were living at Clements Inn, and Budd shot a hole in his own leg. It was so bad that Bob had to chew the bullet out?

SCOTT

Bob is a very spiritual person. He knows a little medicine..

MIKE

A little street medecine.

SCOTT

A little politics...

MIKE

Street politics.

SCOTT

A little psycology.. He taught me better than school did. I love Bob more than my father. I would say that I loved him more than my father, and my mother.

MIKE

I hope we see him.

SCOTT

Took care of me and all when I first came to Clements Inn. Taught me survival.

MIKE

Didn't you two have a thing?

SCOTT

Yeah, we had a heavy duty thing going..... he was fucking in love with me.

MIKE

Yeah, those were the days, weren't they...

A pause.

The Broadway Cafe is beginning to pick up in business. The table where Scott and Mike sit is in front of a large window, and it is semi-circular in shape. Scottie spies Gary across the street.

He bounds up out of his chair and Mike watches him as he goes to the door kicks it open and yells to Gary.

SCOTT
HEY! You dick!!

Gary sees Scott and runs across the street.

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Later, in the BROADWAY CAFE, there are other street kids hanging around the table.

A customer sleeps over his coffee cup.

Scott has his arm around a girl named DENISE, who has a lot of make up on and long stringy hair and who carries a teddy bear. Denise is crying and Scott is consoling her.

Scott strokes Denise's hair adoringly and gives her a kiss every now and then.

Mike looks across the table at CARL, a skinny kid with black hair and a large floppy sports cap, and GARY, who is talking with him. Carl takes his hat off and puts it back on repeatedly while they talk.

MARY, an older, harder street prostitute is chain smoking Kool cigarettes.

Mary takes a drag from her cigarette and blows smoke in Mike's face.

Scott notices this. But he attends to Denise's problems.

Mike coughs.

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Inside the BROADWAY CAFE. Mike smokes a cigarette at the round table and watches Gary and Carl playing keep-away with Denise's teddy bear. Denise is swearing, using profanities that are unusual for a girl.

MIKE

(to another kid at the table)

Oh, yeah, I'm going to stop smoking. I'm just going to finish off this pack....

30

Night. Mike walks thorough a dark wet troubled intercity alley and on the other side, there is a parked car. In the car sits a man in his 40's, bestial, good looking but overweight. He beeps his car horn at Mike.

Mike pauses, lights a cigarette coolly and walks to the car and leans in the window.

MIKE

Hey - what's up, Wade?

30a

Int. Car ride night.

Wade's hand reaches over to Mikes' hand in the front seat.

CLOSE VIEW of Mike's face looking down at his hand, then up at the man for a long time. An orchestra is playing on the radio.

MIKE

Tell me about your wife.

31

Int. MOTEL, nightime.

The man is naked in the background standing in front of a

mirror in a motel bathroom, as Mike sits naked on a bed in front of a t.v. set laughing at the show that is on.

Then the man hugs Mike and Mike hugs him back as if he were the thing that he most missed in life.

32

A field. Day. Two figures cross the field. One is Bob Pigeon, a man in his fifties, and the other, his manservant, Budd. Because of his girth, Bob has problems crossing the field.

BUDD

Jesus...the things we've seen...do you remember a thing since we moved from graffitti bridge?

BOB

No more of that, Budd.

BUDD

Ha-ha, what a crazy night.

33

Way above the two walking figures, Gary wakes near a heating duct atop a ten story building. He yawns, looks down at the street and spies Bob and Budd.

GARY'S VIEW a tiny Bob and Budd are making their way across a field.

GARY

Hey, Scottie, here comes that fat pig himself!!!
He owes me money!

Scottie, atop an adjacent building peeks his head over the edge. The two guys are relatively close to one another but far from the street.

SCOTT

Who?

GARY

You know, the fat one...Pigeon!

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SCOTT
Bob, stole my shoes, the dick!

GARY
Hey, everybody, here comes Bob the chisler!

Scott has new life in his eyes, and announces the arrival of this bloated figure below.

SCOTT
Here comes Bob the sewer, the thrasher, the letcher, the spy, and the listener, and more than that, my real father.

He yells to the other buildings and other street kids to wake up. Scottie pours an old paper cup of Coca-cola over Bob and Budd below.

GARY
Look out, it's raining Coke!

Bob hears the show atop the buildings.

BOB
Ah, I think my friends can see I am back from Boise.

Bob looks worried and happy at the same time not knowing if they are friend or foe. He shields himself from the Coke sprinkles.

BOB
Do you see any clouds in the sky, Budd?

BUDD
No, Bob.

34

The Derelict Hotel.

Budd and Bob enter the threshold of a busted up, but operating hotel. There is a fire in a trashcan turned upside down, with holes poked in it.

29

Budd looks around the hotel.

BUDD

Is Jane Lightwork alive, Bob?

BOB

She's alive, Budd.

BUDD

Is she holding on?

BOB

Old...old, Budd.

BUDD

She must be old, she has no choice..

THE TWO sit at a larger fire deeper into the derelict hotel.

BUDD

I remember her daughter, she died years ago...of old age. She must be old alright. That was before I came to Clements Inn.

BOB

(warming by the fire)

Ahh...

BUDD

Jesus...the things that we've seen. Aren't I right, Bob? Aren't I right?

BOB

We have heard the Chimes at Midnight.

BUDD

That we have, that we have...in fact Bob, we have. Jesus...the things that we've seen.

55

Scott drinks from a beer can inside the derelict hotel, tosses it to a young boy, laughs, wipes his mouth and puts

his lit cigarette into the mouth of Gary, making his way to some steps, through a circle of girls, kisses Denise, who we remember from the Broadway Cafe, and charges up the steps.

36

Inside the hotel on a staircase landing, Scottie passes a couple of figures, one is asleep and one is awake.

SCOTTIE

Where's Bob?

A BOY

Fast asleep.

BUDD

And he's snoring like a horse.

37

SCOTTIE OPENS A DOOR AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS AND WALKS INTO A ROOM, INTERRUPTING MIKE, WHO STANDS OVER BOB'S SNORING BODY.

Mike coolly holds up a wad of bills and a folded envelope of cocaine.

MIKE

(whisper)

I picked his pocket.

SCOTTIE (whispering)

What did you get, dude?

MIKE

(whisper)

Just this.

Scottie approaches the old man snoring. By the look of Scott, this guy has some effect on him, for the way he is quiet and staring at his sleeping face.

Scottie takes the cocaine from Mike, sits down at the foot

31

of the bed and begins to unfold the packet. Bob turns in the bed and the rush of air from the sheets blows the white powder out of the packet.

BOB

What the hell?

Mike laughs.

BOB

What time is it, son?

SCOTTIE (climbing in bed with Bob)

What do you care?

Coming to grips with who his companions are.

BOB

Scott! My true son! How are you?

Bob, dazed, is looking around both sides of his fat body, like he is being had.

SCOTTIE (amusing Mike)

Why, you wouldn't even look at a clock, unless hours were lines of coke, dials looked like the signs of gay bars, or time itself was a fair hustler in black leather... isn't that right, Bob?

Bob staggers out of bed wretching and spitting. Then back into his waking stupor, feeling something is being put over on him.

SCOTT

There's no reason to know the time. We are timeless.

Bob checks his wallet.

BOB

Aren't you forgetting, Scottie my boy, (the mayor's son no less) that we who steal, do so at midnight?

Bob's money and cocaine are gone. Bob turns angry and bellows.

BOB
What the...who ripped me off? Budd!!! Budd!!!!

38

Stairs again.

BUDD
Yes, Bob!!!

Budd stands at the stoop and comes through the door, just as Bob is running out.

BOB
I fell asleep and have been robbed!

BUDD
Jane!!!

39

The room below.

Jane Lightwork, the owner of the established hotel, comes to arms. She is very old.

JANE
You'd think that I could keep the peace in my house...

40

Bedroom.

Scottie and Mike laugh. Mike gets down on his hands and knees and tries to scoop up a little cocaine from the floor.

41

Hall.

33

JANE
Bob, Bob we'll find your drugs. We'll find them.

42

A nother hall.

Bob is storming down it in a rage, people opening doors of the rooms.

BOB
Jane, I know you well enough...

43

Y et another hall.

Hotel dwellers are watching Jane move down the hall answering Bob.

JANE
I know you, Bob... you owe me money, Bob, and now you pick a fight with me, and are disturbing the peace of my hotel.

44

M AIN derelict hall of the hotel.

Bob parades, in his night clothes, in front of a gathering of outcasts in the hotel.

BOB
This hotel is full of thieves...junkies!

JANE
You are the thief!

BOB
They picked my pocket!

LAUGHTER from the throngs of outcasts. Jane enters a balcony overlook of the main hall. Mike and Scott enter, arms around each other, laughing.

JANE

It's impossible to board a dozen or so men and women who live honestly, and have the others live like junkies.

One of the dwellers listening to the argument is shooting up as they speak. We see a close view of the needle and Bob running around in the background.

Bob makes his way next to Scott.

BOB

You have corrupted me, Scottie, I was an innocent before I met you...and now look at me...just a little better than wicked. I used to be a virtuous man...

Scottie is laughing at him.

BOB

...well, virtuous enough. I Swore a little. I never gambled more than seven times a week. Poker. I never picked up a street boy more than once a quarter...

Scottie laughs.

SCOTTIE

...of a hour...

BOB

...of an hour. Bad company has corrupted me. I'll be darned if I haven't forgotten what the inside of a church looks like.

MIKE

Where do you find your strike tonight, Bob?

SCOTTIE

I see a good change for Bob to make. From Stealing to Preaching.

BOB

Stealing is my vocation, Scott. It's not a sin for a man to labor at his vocation.

GARY

Hey...psst...

The three gather around Gary.

GARY

Very early tomorrow morning, there will be small time rock and roll promoters coming back from their show. Every night, they walk home with the loot and they stop by the Grotto Bar, one mile away from here, and more often than not they've been drinking already. If we can't steal from them on their way to the bar, we can get them when they come out. See, Bob?

MIKE

I'm not gonna rob anybody. I'd rather sell my ass. It's less risky.

BOB

So long as I don't know these guys personally...it's okay with me.

GARY

They're from Beaverton. New to the business...

MIKE

Not me. I'm not going along on this crackpot scheme. Especially since Gary thought it up.

BOB

Come off it, Mikey. There is a better way to make a buck. Something to fall back on, other than your ass.

MIKE

I'll fall back when Scott inherets his money.

Bob walks away from the two others. Budd brings out two long rusty guns.

SCOTT

(whispering)

Come along, Mikey. I have a joke I wanna play...a joke I can't pull off alone...

Mike laughs and joins Bob, hugging him around his fat belly.

BOB

Oh, my sweetheart, come and rob with us tomorrow.

MIKE

I was going to come anyway.

SCOTT hugs the others too.

MIKE

We'll be rich!!!

Scottie dances away.

SCOTT

Provide for us, oh great psychedelic Papa!

Scottie grabs Denise and kisses her then begins to leave through the door. He throws her to Mike who catches her and runs off with her.

Scottie

Good catch dude...and meet me, on three street!

Scott leaves, Bob follows him :

45

O utside the derelict Hotel.

BOB

Scott. When you inherit your fortune, on your, twenty-first birthday, let's see...how far away is this?

37

SCOTT
One week away, Bob, just one more week.

BOB

Let's not call ourselves robbers, but Diannah's
foresters. Gentlemen of the shade. Minions of
the Moon. Men of good government.

Bob starts putting his arm around Scott rather
romantically and kisses Scott, then Scott breaks it off and
walks further into a field by the side of the derelict hotel
and stops a moment.

SCOTT

(under his breath)

When I turn twenty-one, I don't want any more
of this life. My mother and father will be
surprised at the incredible change. It will
impress them more when such a fuck up like me
turns good, than if I had been a good son all
along. All the past years I will think of as one
big vacation. At least it wasn't as boring as
schoolwork. All my bad behavior I'm going to
throw away to pay a debt. I will change when
everybody expects it the least.

Scott turns and leaves.

BOB

And you will become a head roller, a hatchet
man for your old man.

Scott laughs to himself, because he knows Bob is
misunderstanding him. Bob is part of the past life that
he says he is going to throw away.

SCOTT

No! You will be the hatchet man, Bob, that will
be your job, and so there will rarely be a job
hatched. It will be one big endless party, won't
it?

Bob laughs. Scott walks across a field.

BOB

Well, at least my little friend has offered me a job. They are so good to me.

46

Under the Burnside Bridge, day.

Mike and Denise kiss, and their arms are entangled in a loving, but awkward embrace. Twigs and leaves are caught in Denise's hair as they are lying on the ground.

Then..

Denise lights a cigarette.

DENISE

I gotta send my Ma a Christmas card, I still haven't done it yet.

MIKE

I haven't done it either.

DENISE

Where is your mom?

MIKE

She's in Idaho.

DENISE

Your mom lives in Idaho right now?

Mike shakes his head yes, but he is unsure.

DENISE

I used to live in Montana.

MIKE

My cousin. He lives in Montana. He just died. And my brother told me my grandma just died, that's one...two...it usually comes in three's.

DENISE

Does come in threes.

MIKE

My cousin died, my Grandmother died, and right after she died, her daughter died. My aunt.

MIKE (cont'd)

Within a year. And they wuz all women, not even a year, six...well...six months-eight months, three women in the family died.

A pause.

MIKE

That's funny, huh? I WONDER WHY YOU THOUGHT THAT, cuz, my BROTHER says stuff like that.

DENISE

Well, my grandma was superstitious.

MIKE

My brother told me that, said things usually come in threes...and I said, aw....you're crazy.

A Long pause. A motorcycle passes, someone yells, and a horn honks.

MIKE

It sounds crazy. three's my lucky number too.

DENISE

Huh?

MIKE

Three.

DENISE

Mine's eight.

MIKE

I like three. I used to like five. Before that I liked nine.

DENISE

You know why I like eight?

MIKE

Why?

DENISE

Cause of the eightball. You know. When you're stuck behind the eight ball? I fuckin' feel stuck

DENISE (CONT'D)

behind the eightball today, I'll tell you. Business gets slow in the middle of the week.

47

Alleyway. Night.

Scottie is helping Bob with a disguise, putting on pants over a large belly, with medallions around the neck.

SCOTT

How long has it been, Bob, since you could see your own dick?

BOB

About four years, Scottie. Four years of grief. It blows a man up like a balloon.

Mike and Budd appear, running, with costumes on. There are two others behind them.

MIKE

There's rock and roll money walking this way!

BUDD

And they're drunk as skunks.

MIKE

This is going to be easy. We can do it lying down.

SCOTT

But don't fall asleep, now, Mike.

Scottie and Mike burst out laughing.

BUDD

Shh!! Here they come!

41

SCOTT
You four should head them off there!

BOB
We four? How many are walking with them?

MIKE
About six.

BOB
Huh, shouldn't they be robbing us?

Scottie laughs. Bob waddles along the side of the alleyway, stepping on a curb, then in a pot hole losing his balance. Another accomplice whistles from atop a building. We SEE the group of ROCK AND ROLL promoters.

Bob walks further from Mike and Scottie.

SCOTTIE
If they escape from you, we'll get them here.

Bob struggles as he walks.

BOB
Eight feet of cobblestones is like 30 yards of flat road with me.

Mike and Scott run off laughing at him.

BOB
I can't see a damned thing in here.

BUDD
Jesus, will you shutup! And keep on your toes!

Budd sees the promoters coming and waves to Bob as he lies down on the ground.

BUDD
Lie down!!

BOB
Lie down!?

BUDD

Lie down and stay quiet, until they round the corner and we'll ambush them.

BOB

Have you got a crane to lift me up again?

Budd laughs.

MIKE

They're coming!!

48

Down the way, the rock and roll promoters are approaching, having no knowledge of the buffonery at the other end of the tunneling alleyway. They are drunk.

VICTIM 1

**Come along neighbor, Tommy will lead the way.
I've lost track of time...(burp)**

49

At the other end of the alley:

Bob and three others are marching in procession, chanting, a facsimile of Rashneesh, but a bad act.

The rock promoters approach, smashing a bottle.

VICTIM 1

Who are these jokers?

VICTIM 2

Rashneesh, listen!

VICTIM 1

They're chanting....

Scottie and Mike hide behind garbage cans, laughing.

The rock promoters circle the group of chanting Rashneesh.

43

VICTIM 3

I thought that all the Rashneesh had up and left...

Victim 1 pours a beer on one of their heads. Just as he does this Bob pulls out two long pistols, almost heavy enough that he cannot hold them straight, barrels parallel.

BOB

Aha! One move and I'll blow you away, you sully scumbags, up against that wall!

One of the victims falls down and begins to run away. One of Bob's men starts after him. A lock box that he was carrying falls to the ground. Bob spies it.

BOB

No! Let him go!

Bob aims one pistol at the running figure as he keeps the others against the wall with the other pistol. He fires three times. One of Bob's boys grabs the lockbox.

A VIEW of the running figure, bullets cutting around him.

BOB

Look at him go!

VICTIM 2

Don't shoot us!

Bob winks at the lockbox and shoots the gun in the air.

All the rock promoters go running. Bob charges after them firing the gun twice more in the air, then, after signaling his boy to put the lockbox on the ground he fires at it, breaking it open.

BOB

The valise is open, let's see what we got.

Mike and Scottie hiding behind trashcans.

SCOTTIE
Where are our disguises?

Mike runs to his stash and finds two large capes and large hats. They put these on.

Bob finds wads of money and receipts.

BOB
Ticket anyone? To next week's show?

He throws these on the ground and the boys fall over themselves for the tickets. Bob wads the money and puts it back in the box, laughing to himself.

Mike and Scottie sneak closer to the group still hiding, long flowing capes concealing their identity.

BOB
Scott and Mike have disappeared, did the shots scare them away?

They sneak closer. Mike lights a big firecracker and waits.

BOB
...maybe we should get the hell out of here. But, are they such chickens?

A LOUD EXPLOSION! Overhead birdseye view of the scam in action.

Mike and Scottie, disguised, jump out with large silver baseball bats, swinging them and making as much noise as they can, knocking over a set of garbage cans, flashing flashlights into Bob and the other's eyes.

Frightened, Bob drops the lockbox, points his pistol which is knocked out of his hand by Mike's swinging bat, so Bob turns and runs, the others follow. Mike and Scottie hitting them with the bats as they go.

BOB
Get the box! Oh, fuck!

Mike swings the bat at Bob, it grazes the side of a building and sparks fly from it. Bob wheezes from the run.

Scottie chases the others in the same direction.

They stand, kicking garbage cans and watching them run, convulsing with laughter.

SCOTTIE

The thieves scatter!

MIKE

Bob Pigeon will sweat to death!

50

Jack Favor enters the mayor'S CHAMBERS day. Jack Favor appears to be in poor health, and is in a wheelchair.

JACK

Can anyone tell me about my son?

He wheels across the room.

JACK

It's been a full three months since I last saw him. Where is my son Scott?

AID

We don't know, sir.

JACK

Ask around in Old Town, in some of the taverns there. Some say he frequently is seen down there drinking with street denizens. Some who they say even rob our citizens and storeowners. I can't believe that such an effeminate boy supports such "friends."

51

A high overhead (helicopter?) view of the country landscape in the early morning. Far below us on a lonely road is a small dot, a motorcycle, traveling east.

52

Further along on it's travels, the motorcycle crosses a steel BRIDGE.

63

Old Town day.

Scottie and Mike, riding on a stolen motorcycle, sweep through the early morning streets, without being noticed.

64

Stopping at a stop light in the city.

Scott pauses to think.

SCOTT

Mikey, how long I have been here on the streets, on this cusade?

MIKE

About as long ast the rest of us. I mean. I can't even remember that far back, Scott, I mean.....

SCOTT

It's been three years, Mike.

MIKE

Wow...that's a really long time, Scott. Have I been here three years, too?

SCOTT

What I'm getting at, Mike, is that we are survivors.

MIKE

Yeah, well, so, isn't that obvious?

SCOTT

Yes. It is incredibly obvious. They could drop a big old bomb on this city and you know what we would do?

MIKE

(thinking)

DIE?

SCOTT

No. We would survive. Because we are _____.

MIKE

Survivors!

SCOTT

Right, Mike.

55

Int. Derelict hotel day. Scott lays the bike down on the dirt floor of the hotel.

SCOTT

This bike was caught with much ease, Mike.

MIKE

The reward for our joke we played last night will be the unbelievably huge lies that Bob will come up with now.

They rush to the main gathering area of the hotel.

56

Int. Foyer of the hotel. day.

Bob is drinking from a beer. He stops at the sight of Scott and Mike, and stands, turning away from them.

BOB

A plague on all cowards.

A few of Bob's boys are sore from the attack of the night before.

SCOTT (very innocently)

What's up, Bob? Where have you been?

BOB

Where have I been? If manhood has not been forgotten on the face of the earth then I'm a shot

herring. A Mayor's : I don't jog you out of
that right, and teach a to be a man, your
father would be as prud of me as he would you,
Scottie.

SCOTT

Why you whoring round man. What is the
matter?

BOB

Are you not a coward, answer that. And that
goes double.

MIKE

Are you calling me a coward! You fat duck!

BOB

I'd give a thousand dollars to be able to run as
fast as you can.

SCOTT

Where's the money, Bob?

BOB

Where is it? Taken from us, by twenty...or
thirty punks.

SCOTT

Thirty?

BOB

I was struggling with a dozen of them, I was
saved by a miracle, I think my arm's broken
from the fight. Certainly a toe. And most
definitely a rib. Let me
tell you about it...

Scott rolls his eyes at Mike, knowing a good fib is about to
unfold.

SCOTT

Tell us about it...please!

DIGGER

We four set upon a dozen.

BOB
sixteen at least, Digger, my boy...

DIGGER
and got their money, but then, as we were
sharing, sixteen others set upon us.

Scottie
You fought with them all?

BOB
All? I don't know what you mean by all. But if
I fought with less than thirty, I was seeing
things. If there were not thirty of them on poor
old Bob, then call me a liar.

MIKE
(under his breath)
He's a stinking liar....

BOB
What's that Mike?

Scottie
Thank god you had not murdered some of them.

BOB
No, they are past praying for. I have peppered
two of them. Two punks in leather jackets...I tell
you, son, if I'm telling a lie slap my face and call
me a horse. There were two murdered.

Scottie
Huh...

Bob reconstructing the lie and believing his own story, his
eyes growing very wide now.

BOB
I tell you....I pulled my knife. These four came in
close and started swinging at me.

Scottie
Four?

MIKE

Four?

SCOTTIE

You said there were two, now...

BOB

'FOUR! I said there were four, Scott...now, these four came from the front kicking at me, pulling their knives, and I whipped out the blade and took all seven as a target, like this...

SCOTTIE

Seven! But just a second ago there were four!

BOB

In leather?

DIGGER

Yes, there were four in leather jackets.

BOB

Seven by my count!

SCOTT

(aside to Digger)

Leave him alone, we shall have more soon.

BOB

Did you hear me Scottie?

SCOTTIE

Yes, and it sounds remarkable, too, I'm listening carefully.

BOB

Do so, cause it's worth listening to...these nine, in the alleyway that I told you about.

MIKE

Some more already.

SCOTT

I can't stand it! Eleven leather jackets have grown out of two...

BOB

...began to give me ground. I followed them close, came in full force and with thought...seven of the eleven, I pegged.

SCOTTIE

There are eleven, he started with two.

BOB

But as the devil would have it, three others came at my back...

Budd and the other accomplices stand still listening raptuously to Bob's story, mouths agaping.

BOB

...they were wearing green. And they had it out with me. Because it was so dark, Scottie, you could not see your hand.

SCOTTIE

These lies are like their father that has made them up. Why you old fat fool, a horse of obscene clay-brained intelligence...

BOB

Is not the truth the truth?

SCOTTIE

How could you see green, when it was so dark you couldn't see your hand.

Bob is tongue-tied.

SCOTTIE

Tell us the reason. Come on..

MIKE

Tell us the reason, Bob!

Budd and the accomplices want to know the reason too.

BOB

Upon compulsion! For you or I or all the rest of the world, I would not tell you on compulsion.

SCOTTIE

I will no longer be guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward. This horse back breaker. This huge hill of jelly...

BOB

You...you...I'll skin your dry rich tongue you starfish, oh for breath to utter what lies of a tailor's yardstick. You bootcase! You vile punk!

SCOTTIE

....well breathe a while, and then do it again, but hear me out. We two saw you four set upon five. And, Bob, you carried youself away, at the slightest noise, Mike and I, with quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and ran and roared as ever I heard a bull calf. What are you saying you hacked your way through eleven guys. What trick, what device can you find to hide from this open and apparent shame?

Mike brings out the stolen money and spreads it out over a table next to Bob.

MIKE

Come, Bob, let's hear what trick you have now?

Bob grows very calm at the sight of the money.

BOB (smiling)

By the Lord lads, I know you as well as he that made you. Do you think that I would kill the heir apparent, you think I would turn on you, Scottie. Why, you are our only ticket out of this poverty and oppression.

Mike and Scottie burst out laughing at Bob who has made sense of his fleeing for his life.

BOB

I am as valued as Hercules, but beware my instinct. The lion will not touch the true heir. I am not a coward, but instinctive. Good Lord, lads, I'm glad you have the money....

Jane Lightwork bursts into the room with an

announcement.

JANE

Scottie!, Oh, there, Scottie!

SCOTTIE

What's that, Jane?

JANE

There is a functionary from your father who
wants to speak with you , Scottie

SCOTTIE

Give him enough to make him a reactionary and
send him back to my mother.

BOB

What kind of a man is he?

JANE

An old man.

BOB

Shall I get rid of him?

SCOTTIE

Please do, Bob.

BOB

With faith, I'll send him packing.

Bob marches out to face the functionary.

SCOTTIE

Now, guys. Like a lady, you fought fair. So did
you, James, and you Digger. You are strong too,
but your instinct told you to run away. You will
not touch the true heir. No way!

DIGGER

He made us swear to make you believe it was
lost in a fight, and made us promise to do the
like.

Pigeon re-enters.

BOB

Tell me, Scottie, are you not horribly afraid? You

being the heir apparent, couldn't the world pick out enemies as fierce as Ken Death or that other scoundrel, Hal Wheeler, and hold you ransom. Aren't you afraid?

SCOTTIE

Not a bit. But maybe I lack some of your instinct.

BOB

Well, you will be horribly scolded tomorrow when you go to your father. If you love me, practice your answers to him.

SCOTTIE

You'll stand in for my father? And examine the boring details of my life?

BOB

Should I? Gather, lads, boys be merry..shall we have a play?

MIKE

(the utmost excitement)

A PLAY!

Scottie

A play!!

Scottie places a makeshift pen and pencil set at a table in front of Bob, and straightens Bob's collar.

BOB

(taking command)

Alright then!

Wild dogs run through the room. Everyone applauds Bob.

BOB

Give me a drink!

(finds bottle)

To make my eyes look red, 'cause I have to speak with passion. And you'll thought I have wept.

Bob pulls up a desk that Scottie has found.

BOB
Here's my speech. Look out- nobility!

54

OUTSIDE the hotel, One cop is trying the door and checking alternative ways into it. Other cops are helping him.

COP 1

If we're looking for a fat man, why don't we just get one under the bridge?

COP 2

(looking up at the rooftop)
Can we get in upstairs?

Another COP is up on top of the hotel, he leans over the euge.

COP 3

No way, Jose

A fourth cop is trying to break down the door.

55

Inside we see Jane Lightwork, sitting in front of Bob, ready for the show.

The others in the hotel gather around too, for the play.

Bob mimics the actor who plays Scottie's father.

BOB

Scottie!...I do not only marvel where you spend your time...but also how you are accompanied.

Jane laughs.

JANE

ha-ha-ha, oh he does it just like one of the street theatre players, if I've ever seen one...

BOB

If you are truely my blood relative, I have partly your mother's word that she did give birth to
BOB (cont'd)

you, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trait of you eye (like mine) and a foolish hanging of your lower lip (that comes from your mother) that proves you are my real son. But a peculiar motion of your wrist, I don't know where that comes from. If you are really my son, then, here lies the point: why, are you so pointed at? Shall my son prove to be a truant, and eat blackberries? (A question not to be asked) Shall the son of Portland be a thief and rob money from it's citizens? (A question to be asked) Scottie. I do not speak to you in drink but in tears, not in pleasure, but in passion, not in words, but in woes also. And yet, there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in your company, but I don't know his name...

SCOTT

What kind of man, "father?"

BOB

A portly man, I think, and a corpulent cheerful look in his eye, a very swave walk, and I think he must be fifty or so. I see virtue in this man's looks. Keep with this man, and banish the rest. And tell me now, you naughty boy, where have you been this month?

SCOTT

You don't speak like a mayor. You stand for me and I'll play my father.

BOB

You will depose me?

Scott takes the desk and is hunched over as if in a wheelchair, like his father has.

SCOTT

Here I am!

BOB

And here I stand to be judged. Judge my master.

SCOTT

Now, Scott, where have you come from?

BOB

From Old Town. Father...

Scottie grabs his stomach and cries out like he is going to be sick.

SCOTT

Ohh!! The complaints I hear about are embarrassing!

BOB

But they are false! I amuse you as a son, I hope!

SCOTT

There is a devil that haunts you in the likeness of an old fat man. A ton of man. Who is your companion. Why do you converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting hutch of beastliness, that swolien parcel of dropsies that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak bag of guts...

This is getting insulting for Bob, who turns away, Scottie showing delight in making up these names, and the others laughing at Scottie.

SCOTT

...That roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding overstuffed in his belly...that reverend of Vice...the grey iniquity..that father ruffian...that vanity in years...where is he good but to taste wine and to drink it? Only crafty in his villany. And worthy of nothing...

BOB

Who do you mean, father, and mayor?

SCOTT

That villainous, abominable misleader of youth!

ALL TOGETHER

Bob Pigeon!

SCOTT

That old white bearded Satan!

BOB

If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked!
If to be old and merry is a sin, then many an old
host that I know is damned. If to be fat is to be
hated than Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved.
No, my father, banish the others, Digger, Gary, or
Mike. Banish them but not sweet Bob Pigeon,
kind and true Bob Pigeon. If you banish plump
Bob, you should banish all the world.

SCOTT

I will.

Bug enters running.

BUDD

Oh, the sheriff and his posse are here.

Jane Lightwork also enters.

JANE

They have come to search the house. Shall I let
them in?

Everyone scatters and hides.

SCOTT

Call in the sheriff!

The cops enter passing Jane as they do.

JANE

Good morning, officers.

COP 2

How are you this morning, Jane? Don'e mind if
we take a look around the place, do you?

JANE

No sir. Was the door jammed again? I'm sorry about that.

COP 1

Haven't seen any signs of the young Scott Favor, have you mam?

JANE

I do believe he was here just a second ago.

An officer bounds up the steps. The same one leading to Bob's chambers. Assisted by another officer, he opens the door.

60

Inside Bob's chambers

The police look inside. There is Scottie rolling in the bed with someone, as if he is being interrupted, and is sleepy

SCOTT

A-ha, what have we here?

COP 1

Pardon me, Mr Favor, an informant has followed certain men into this house.

SCOTT

What men?

Inside a closet, we can see Bob hiding.

COP 2

One of them is well know, sir, a large fat man.

COP 1

As fat as butter.

SCOTT

Well he is not here.

60

The person in bed with Scott, is Mike, which throws the police off a bit.

SCOTT

But if I see him, I'll promise you that I will send him to you by dinnertime tomorrow to answer any charges against him. So would you leave us alone?

COP 1

I will, sir, but, there are gentlemen who have lost a lot of money in this robbery.

SCOTT

And this fat man got away with the money?

COP 1

Yes indeed, two thousand dollars.

SCOTT

Well, in any case I haven't seen him recently. Is it the morning yet?

COP 1

Yes sir. I think it's eleven o'clock. Sorry for the interruption.

The cops leave.

61

INSIDE THE MAYOR'S CHAMBERS DAYTIME.

The Mayor speaks from his wheelchair, not looking at all in good health. Scottie stands opposite his desk.

JACK FAVOR

I don't know whether it is God trying to get back at me for something I have done. But your passing through life, makes me certain that you are marked, and that heaven is punishing me for my mistreatings. Tell me how else could such lewd desires barren pleasures and the rude society that you are attracted to, interest my own lineage and flesh and blood

61

SCOTT

Father, I am sure there are many rumors flying around, some may even be partially true. In my youth I have wandered irregularly. Please be patient, for my intentions are respectable. I shall from now on be more myself.

JACK

When I got back from France and set foot in Clark County and saw what your cousin Bill Davis had done at his family's ranch. I thought, by my soul that he has more worthy interest to my estate than you could hold a candle to. And being no older than you are, he organizes operations for state senators, lobbies for the small businessman, and has an ambitious 5 year plan for the forests that even I would like to support. And capital, good lord, Scott. He is turning into one of the richest men in the state! And then I have to think of you, and how much of a degenerate you are.

SCOTT

Don't think that, father. You'll find out its not true. And I hope that somebody forgives the people that have swayed your fond thoughts away from me. For a time will come when I will make this northern youth trade me his good deeds for my indignities. Bill Davis is my good cousin, but even the slightest worship of his time, Dad, I will die a hundred thousand deaths before that happens.

Jack Favor grabs his heart. He takes a few beats. Scottie shocked at the idea, that his father is actually going to maybe die right here and now. But the shock fades as his father gathers composure.

Int. Broadway Cafe. Day.

Mike and Scott sit around the table with Carl and Mary.
Mike blows a smoke ring.

Carl talking to Mary.

CARL

And I'd like to see an album cover, you know.
With me all over it. Me posing against bigger
pictures of me, and songs written by me...

SCOTTIE

Where should we go?

This takes a bit of thinking on Mike's part. But finally
something lights up in him.

MIKE

To visit my brother.

SCOTT

You have a brother?

MIKE

Yeah.

SCOTT

Where is he?

MIKE

He's in.....he's in.....

Mike suddenly begins to shake, and, falls asleep.

J d A h o

a sign says:

WARNING TO TOURISTS, DO NOT LAUGH AT THE NATIVES.

63

Mike and Scott are stuck on a long straight road in the desert. Mike is angry at Scott because he doesn't think he knows how the motorcycle works.

Scott is trying again and again to start the engine.

MIKE

Come on...

SCOTT

Shutup Mike.

He tries to turn it over again.

SCOTT

If I had known that it was going to be this hard to start. Then I wouldn't have stopped it at all.

Mike looks at the road and the surrounding area. It is the same road that he was stuck on in the beginning.

MIKE

Scott? I have been on this road before.

Mike stares at the face in the road. Two cactus for eyes, mountains for hair, a cloud shadow forms the mouth over a red nose road with a dotted line running down it.

MIKE

Looks like a fucked up face. You know, Scott? Like it's saying to you...."have a nice day?"

64

At night, Scott and Mike sit next to a fire they have made on the side of the road. We can hear Indians in the distance dancing and chanting a song.

MIKE

It sure is lonely out in the desert.

SCOTT

Yeah, I guess

MIKE

If I had had a normal family, and a good upbringing, then I would have been a well adjusted person. But somehow that just didn't work out.

SCOTT

Depends on what you'd call "normal."

MIKE

Well, ..normal, you know, with a mom and a dad and a dog and shit like that....normal.

SCOTT

So you didn't have a dog? Or you didn't have a dad....

MIKE

I didn't have a dog and I didn't have a dad.

Well, not a normal dad...

The music is getting louder. It sounds like a war chant.

MIKE

Hey Scott?

SCOTT

What?

Mike is hesitating. He is about to say something personal. He looks at Scott and back to the fire, a few times too many.

SCOTT

What, Mike?

MIKE

Uh. Have you ever. Uh...

Scott is getting Mike's drift.

Mike rubs his crotch.

MIKE

I mean, don't you ever get horny?

SCOTT

Yeah. But...

MIKE

Oil, yeah....not for a guy.

SCOTT

Mike. Two guys can't love eachother. They can only be friends.

An awkward moment passws where Mike is looking away from Scott and Scott can't help but look at Mike. Then Scott catches Mike's eye and motions for him to come closer to him.

Mike walks over to Scott and Scott holds him in his arms.

Overhead VIEW of the two in front of the campfire.

SCOTT

I only have sex for money...

Mike starts to get out some money.

SCOTT

I can't take your money.

A pause.

SCOTT

But we can be close friends.

The next morning. Mike is sleeping. As he opens his eyes, he can see Scott still trying to start the motorcycle.

Mike stands and looks down the road at an approaching State Police Car. Mike, afraid of the police, starts to move into the bushes.

Scott is out of breath trying to start the bike.

MIKE

Scott, look...

Scott looks in the direction of the police car.

SCOTT

Looks like this is it.

MIKE

Yeah.

Scott hits the side of the gas tank of the bike with the palm of his hand.

SCOTT

Can't get the bike started. Cops are coming. Stuck in the middle of nowhere with a stolen bike. Yeah, Mike. Looks like this is the end.

The policeman pulls up to them and parks.

The policeman sits in his car for a second and reports into the radio, then he gets out and walks over to the boys.

Mike gets scared and runs into the desert.

The cop stands and watches. Mike has nowhere to go, he is running into an open desert.

The policeman, a full blooded American Indian, seems amused at his power. He looks at Scott then back at Mike

who trips in the desert and falls in a cloud of dust.

COP

What's the matter with him?

SCOTT

I don't know. I guess he doesn't like cops.

COP

Yeah.

SCOTT

That's how it looks.

COP

What are you kids doing out here?

SCOTT

This cycle is one bitch to turn over. But you probably don't know about motorcycles. You aren't a motorcycle cop.

COP

I turned a few.

66

Scott walks through the desert looking for Mike where he dropped. He picks him up out of the dirt, spit dripping from his sleeping lips, and smacks him in the face.

SCOTT

Wake up Mikey, the heat's off.

Mike will not wake up.

67

Outside a trailer that is situated in the middle of the desert, Scott holds Mike's body as a man opens the screened door and lets them into the trailer.

68

When Mike wakes up. He is inside a TRAILER at night. Scott is eating sandwiches to his right, that are on a little t.v. tray.

There is MIKE's BROTHER leaning into him on his left. He looks at Mike offensively. His brother is very good looking, but seems like he has lost his mind somewhere along the way. Which is why he lives in the desert in a trailer, away from people.

SCOTT

Look, Mike. Sandwiches.

BROTHER

Mom...now she was a right woman. She used to be so proud of you ..you know...she would just beam. And not Jim Beam either. If you know what I mean. We used to drive for hours to get a look at you. I remember, what was it.. eighteen years ago?

MIKE

Twenty-one.

BROTHER

Is that how old you are now? I thought you wuz younger than that...what? Well anyway, we would start off in the morning to see you, and it would take an hour to get to the institution. You were maybe one year old. What? I wasn't proud that you had to live in an institution, mind you...

MIKE

Why was I in an institution?

BROTHER

*Cause of Mom. They didn't think she was capable or safe, but...but all the same, when I would look at you, we were a family. Mom, me, and you.

Mike is getting visually upset. Scott gets up to go to the bathroom.

Mike remembers the picture of his mother holding him and his older brother by their side, the surrogate rather.

69

Inside the bathroom night.

Scott enters and notices a velvet portrait of a woman hanging on the wall. Off screen Scott can hear Mike and his Brother.

MIKE o.s.

I don't belong to you, DUDE...I'm not yours...

BROTHER o.s.

(his voice booms out so unexpectedly deep and loud that Scott is startled.)

Shut your mouth! Don't you talk back...

His brother hits the table with a crash.

70

Living room night. The brother has pulled Mike up by his coat and is breathing heavily into his face.

BROTHER

Well.. (takes a breath)

Anyway. Maybe you weren't in the biological sense, my "brother," but... how's come you turned out exactly like me then?

Mike gets the jitters and falls asleep in front of him.

Scott enters from the bathroom.

BROTHER

Oh, he'll come out of it. It's like this whenever

70

we get together. It's the way we say hello to eachother.

He holds his head down.

BROTHER

I'm all that he's got. But he doesn't want me. He doesn't care. He'd rather live out on the streets. I love him, though.

Scott looks around the trailer at all the portraits hanging on the walls. They are portraits of families and family members with different combinations of parents, kids and dogs and cats.

BROTHER

Oh. I paint these for a living. But sometimes the people don't send the check when they get finished. So I keep them. I like them.

71

Int. Trailer. Night.

Mike's brother sips iced tea. Colored lights decorate the trailer. The brother waits for Mike to wake up. This takes a while, but when Mike finally wakes, the brother begins speaking to him.

BROTHER

Want me to tell you what heppened to your Mom? Have you ever heard it? Did you ever hear what the hell happened to her?

MIKE

No. But I don't care.

BROTHER

You loved her, and don't tell me you didn't. I know you did.

MIKE

I didn't even know her.

BROTHER

71

Yeah, you loved her though.

MIKE

I already heard what happened to her.

BROTHER

But you don't know the whole story. One thing about the truth. It's interesting.

MIKE

(covers ears and yells)

I don't want to hear it!

BROTHER

If you had known her, you would care. She would see guys. At night. When I wouldn't be around...maybe I'd be in San Francisco or some darned place, doing my own business. God knows where. She would see guys...yeah...anywayalong comes this guy. A guy we both knew. A guy who was into cards. A gamblin' man. And he said that he used to heard cattle in Argentina. I dunno, maybe he did, and he had a bit of money. More'n I had at that point in time. But it was funny, the way he gambled. He was not safe in the friends that he made. So his money would come and go real fast....

Mike takes his hands from his ears.

MIKE

I never heard this one before.

BROTHER

So this guy, your Mom fell for. What? She went cookoo over this guy. Well, their affair went on for a year or so and mom wanted to marry this guy. That's when I totally flipped. She was already married to m....

The brother pauses afraid of what he almost said.

BROTHER

So he said no. He didn't love her anyways. But

she wanted him to marry her. And to have a little family. That's when you were born. As a matter of fact, you were really the cause of this whole mess. She wanted to make a little family and take you and this guy someplace and set something up.

(slaps his leg with his hand)

A family thing! Rediculous, right. A card man. Had a bunch of money, but could have just as well lost it on his next hand. Probably did too.

BROTHER (cont'd)

Well you'll see what I'm getting at.

MIKE

That's not how I heard it.

BROTHER

Yeah, I know. You heard it from me and I'm telling it different this time, see? So this Mom of yours found herself a fuckin' gun. I thought she was going to blow me away with it one night. She got so into this gun. She would flash it to anybody that gave her trouble. She would sleep with it. Yeah...strange, huh? She would stir fry vegetables with the loaded gun. What? I mean.....What? I used to say, politely, "Mom, don't go stirring up dinner with the gun, now, you'll blow a hole in the frying pan." What?

Mike begins to cry.

BROTHER

And she used to do other things with this gun. Sexy things with it.

The brother watches Mike cry.

BROTHER

She used to stick it up my butt.

Pause. MIKE REMEMBERS THE FAMILY PICTURE.

BROTHER

On, boy, she was into this thing.
I just thought it was some sort of weird

phase that she was going through. And so anyway, this guy, who she was cookoo over, brought her to the movies one night. A drive in movie in a stolen car, don't-cha-know, what? And the movie was....ah....RIO BRAVO or some shit like that. And well, she went and shot this guy....don't-cha-know...

MIKE

You're making this up as you go along, bro.

BROTHER

And they didn't find him until the next snow, RIO BRAVO playing on the big screen. Spilled popcorn soaking up the blood.

Mike begins to really cry now, bawling and coughing.

SCOTT

(who has been listening)
Oh, come on, how corny, man....

Scott walks about the room and finds a HAPPY FACE BUTTON, and picks it up and looks at it.

BROTHER

No. Mom had to split. And that guy. That guy was your real father.

MIKE (sniffs)

I knew that was coming. You sure do like to make me cry, bro. I know who my real father is. Don't kid me.

BROTHER

Okay. Who?

MIKE

You.

Mike flashes on the picture of the family. His Mom holding him in his arms. And the older brother, who looks twelve or thirteen, does have his arm around mom in an interesting manner, like he is the father of the house, and the father of the baby.

The brother laughs. Scott has been listening, and rolls his eyes like he has now heard everything.

BROTHER

Yeah. You know too much then.

The brother fishes out a postcard from a little desk near his folding chair.

BROTHER

I got this card from her, not too awful long ago. Maybe a year.

Mike's Brother hands him a postcard with a Holiday Inn Motel on the front of it. Written on the card, Mike's mom says she is working as a waitress there, in the "Blue Room" of the Holiday Inn off Interstate 85 outside Boise, Idaho. He also hands him a *picture* of his mom.

72

Mike and Scott wore sunglasses as they journeyed onward to the Blue Room, Scott driving the motorcycle and Mike riding on the back.

73

Nightime exterior of the Holiday Inn.

Mike and Scott pull up on the motorcycle and park it.

74

Inside the Holiday Inn.

A hostess is standing in front of a sign that bills "Jenky the Comic" as the featured entertainer of the evening in the "Blue Room": in the background we can see an out of focus white tuxedo moving on the stage to sporadic laughter from the crowd.

Mike is speaking to the hostess. He shows her his picture of mom.

75

MIKE
My mother works here. Her name is Sharon.

HOSTESS
(thinks for a second)
No. I can't think of anyone by that name. Let me get the manager.

The hostess picks up the phone.

72

Manager's office night.

A MANAGER is sitting behind his desk wearing a shiny blue suit, he shifts in his swiveling chair, and looks at the Holiday Inn Postcard that Mike's mother sent to his father.

MANAGER

Sharon, Sharon....There was a Sharon used to work here a year ago, but she split. Saved up all her money and headed to Italy.

MIKE

(surprised)
To Italy?

MANAGER

Yeah. It took her forever to save any cash, but she did, and flew away. She was looking for her family. I guess she came from Italy. But she didn't look Italian.

SCOTT

Was your Mom Italian?

MIKE

I don't know. I guess that she was.

MANAGER

She left us this address...

Mike and Scott study an Italian address:

76

VIA CASOLI 46
Camaiore, Luca
Italy.

76

In the lobby of the Holiday Inn at night.

Mike and Scott witness the arrival of the German Mercedes Benz parts salesman.

SCOTT

There's that guy.

MIKE

Who?

SCOTT

The guy who gave us a ride from Portland.
What's he doing here?

Scott and Mike walk up to him. HANS turns and a broad smile crosses his face.

HANS

Mike! Scottie! How good to run into you! My dear boys! How have you been?

77

Inside Hans' hotel bathroom. Night.

Mike lies in a bathtub in sudsy water. There is a pounding on the bathroom door.

MIKE

I just got in the tub! Wait your turn.

HANS

77

But Mike! Don't you want anything to eat, we are ordering room service. Ya?

MIKE

Ahhh. Room service? Ya! Let me see. Two hamburgers, with cheeze, onions, lettuce, tomato, no pickles. A coke and french fries.

HANS

O.K. That's hamburger wiz everything, no pickles, coke, frenchfries.

MIKE

That is correct.

HANS

Thank you.

MIKE

You're welcome.

78

As Mike and Scott eat their hamurgers Hans sits across from them next to a small desk light on a double bed in his Holiday Inn room.

HANS

How are the hamburgers, boys?

MIKE

They're okay, Hans.

SCOTT

Good, Hans. I don't think that I've tasted a hamburger as fine as this Holiday Inn hamburger.

HANS

I'm glad that you like it.

The boys eat approvingly.

HANS

How did you boys get so far. I only left you in

78

Portland a few days ago.

SCOTT

We rode on our trusty motorcycle.

HANS

And what brings you to the Holliday Inn?

SCOTT

Business.

HANS

What kind of business.

SCOTT

We're selling motorcycles.

79

Images of Mike, Scott and Hans having sex in the motel.

80

Hans rides his newly purchased motorcycle across the plains from Boise to Picabu Idaho. A local policeman pulls him over doing 95 mph in a 45 mph zone.

81

At the Boise Airport Scott and Mike stand in a ticket line. The ticket taker stamps their tickets.

TICKET TAKER

Do you have any baggage?

Mike and Scott shake their heads no.

79

I t a J i B

82

Mike wakes up and finds himself sitting beside the Treve fountain in Rome. There are other street kids surrounding him fishing for coins that tourists have thrown in the fountain. He doesn't see Scott.

AN ITALIAN STREET BOY stands next to Mike and is talking to him in Italian. Mike doesn't understand.

The BOY is joking with the other boys standing with him at the fountain. They look strangely like Mike and Scott's group in Portland, standing on the street corner.

Mike looks around at his new and beautiful location.

He doesn't see Scott anywhere around, and so he begins to walk down a side street, eyeing the surroundings.

The Italian boys are angry with Mike as he is leaving. They begin to yell at him, and come after him.

The Italian boys begin to push him back to the fountain, trying to warn him of something.

SCOTT (off screen)

Mickey! over here!

Mike's VIEW of Scott in a taxi cab.

Scott gets out of the cab and speaks Italian to the boys and thanks them.

83

Riding in the back of the cab.

80

MIKE
What did they want?

SCOTT
I told them to take care of you while I got a taxi.

84

The TAXI pulls up to a small farmhouse on a hill outside of Rome. Via Casoli 46 is written on the side of the house.

Mike and Scott get out and walk around the house. A farmer is cutting his crop on the next hillside.

A DOG walks up to them.

The taxi driver gets out of the car. And asks for his money in Italian. Scott pays him.

Mike walks around a corner of the house and notices the doors are open. The cab drives off down the drive.

Scott sits down on the stoop in front of a shack and Mike steps into the house.

MIKE
Mom? Hello?

An extremely *Beautiful Italian girl* walks around the corner where Scott is sitting. He can't see her. And she leans against the shack and stares at him, then looks up at Mike who is walking through the house trying to find someone.

GIRL
Hello.

Scott looks up at her, a little surprised.

SCOTT
Hi. Is this your house?

The girl is a little shy and leans on the shack.

GIRL
No. This isn't my house, but. It is my uncle's
house

SCOTT
My name is Scott.

GIRL
Scott.....my name is Carmella.

SCOTT
And he is Mike. We came from America to
find his mother.

CARMELLA
Oh. An American woman?

SCOTT
Yeah, do you know her?

CARMELLA
Yes, but. It is not true, that she lives here.

SCOTT
It isn't true?

CARMELLA
No. She left a long time ago. Back to America.

SCOTT
Oh, shit. Was she your friend?

CARMELLA
I wanted to speak English, and she taught it to
me.

Mike walks from the house to Scott and Carmella.

CARMELLA
Hello. My name is Carmella.

MIKE
I'm Mike.

CARMELLA

Hello Mike.

SCOTT

She knows your mom.

63

Later in the afternoon, Mike is inside of a room in the house, and he is crying. He is talking to Scottie who is holding him.

MIKE

I mean, Christ, we come all this fuckin' way and she ain't here. Where'd she go from here? I can't stand it. I can't see the end of it. I can't get beyond it. If I don't tell someone about it, I'll explode. It brings it all back Scott. It's all coming back, the rejection, the home.... why didn't I have a fucking home like everyone else? I mean I deserve a home, don't I? What did I do that made everything go wrong? Even if...even if I couldn't stay at home with a fucking coo-koos brother like I have.... What did I do to deserve a life sleeping with those creepy old guys just for a place to stay, or something to eat. I can't stand one more night of some blubbery old fart drooling over me like I was a piece of meat.

Scott comforts Mike. And Mike can see snatches of his past family life and there is a small blue house in the background.

MIKE

The color of my mother's house was blue.

SCOTT

What?

MIKE

I just don't want to die on the street. Don't let me die on the street.

66

Mike walks through the rooms of the Italian country house.

MIKE'S VIEW of a room, as Scott is just closing the door. He winks at Mike as he shuts it.

87

Inside the room, Carmella and Scott lay down on the bed and kiss.

Still views of lovemaking.

88

Mike in the country watching the farmer in the field.

89

The group is sitting around the dinner table at night, Mike, Scott and Carmella. They silently eat. Scott and Carmella have special eyes for each other, which Mike uncomfortably notices.

Scott and Carmella begin speaking Italian. Something that has to do with Mike, but he cannot understand what they are talking about, making Mike feel left out.

90

Mike lays in bed in the night, and hears the passion filled groans of Scott and Carmella in another room as they are making love.

91

Daybreak over the fields around the little farmhouse.

Mike is walking across a field, and approaches a figure sitting on the ground near a small stream. It is Carmella,

and she is crying.

Mike hesitates to approach her at first, then he finally does as she turns and sees him.

Mike sits down next to her, looking around the landscape as she sobs.

CARMELLA

I'm sorry.

MIKE

Is there anything wrong? Anything that I can do?

CARMELLA

No.

52

Scott is sitting on a bed in the house, and Mike is sitting in a chair near the bed. Scott holds his head in his hands, as if something has gone terribly wrong.

SCOTT

I'm gonna take some time off.

Scott gives Mike a wad of money, and an airplane ticket. (perhaps a charge card)

SCOTT

I mean, maybe I'll run into you down the road.

Mike is surprised but sees Carmella by a taxi.

MIKE

Yeah, sure. Okay.

SCOTT

Sorry about this.

MIKE

I'll be okay. Don't worry about me.

SCOTT

Sorry, but....

MIKE

No, man, forget it. Hurry up, she's waiting, you're gonna lose her.

Mike hides a tear.

SCOTT

Alright. You sure you'll be okay?

MIKE

Go on, get out of here.

93

Mike approaches the house where there is a taxi cab waiting. Carmella is putting a suitcase in the trunk.

Scott helps Carmella in the back of the Taxi.

SCOTT

Bye, Mike.

94

Outside, a dog watches the taxi leave down a rutted dirt drive.

95

As the car drives along, Scottie and Carmella kiss. Scott opens an American Express letter and smiles a big smile.

CLOSE VIEW of the letter, that is informing Scott that his father is dead.

Scott's smile turns to one of reflection, but not of remorse.

96

Inside, Mike goes into one of his fits, snorting, a little like a pig, and falls asleep.

97

Near the Treve fountain in Rome, again, Mike is standing with the other street hustlers of the area, who are yelling at passing cars.

98

Inside of a room, Mike undresses for an Italian gentleman wearing a suit.

The gentleman compliment's Mike on his body, and undoes his tie and loosens the buttons of his white shirt.

Mike has a fit, right there in the room in front of the man.

P a B t l a n d

99

Mike wakes up in an airlines passenger seat. A STEWARDESS is leaning over him.

STEWARDESS

Wake up. Wake up, we're here.

87

MIKE
Where? Where am I?

STEWARDESS
You're in the Portland Airport.

100

Int. BROADWAY CAFE in the day.

Mike sits at the round table in front of the window.

Denise is with a new boy, STUART, and they are making out. Mary sits and chain smokes cigarettes, there are three other UNKNOWNS around the table.

101

Ext. street night.

Cars cruise by. Mike is on a street corner. He hops into a stranger's car.

102

Int. MOTEL night.

Still views of Mike having sex with a date.

CLOSE VIEW of money exchanging hands.

103

BROADWAY CAFE day.

Mike is at the table again, smoking a cigarette.

There are three new kids who look very MEAN, and are hassling another kid, pulling his collar and throwing him

around.

104

A Hot Dog stand. Gary Cheerfully prepares Mike a hot dog at his new job, wearing a vendor's uniform.

105

Int. Deli, day.

Ray serves Mike a hot dog. He too has a new job.

106

Riding in the back of a large limousine, Scott is silent, looking out the window, wearing a suit.

107

Mike's FACE, outdoors in the daytime.

He looks out on the cityscape.

The buildings of the city uproot and tumble in the air.

The limousine drives by Mike.

108

Inside the limo. Scott sees Mike lying on the ground on the city street.

109

Jakes restaurant night.

Mike wakes up. He is sitting next to Bob and Budd. A new friend, a colorfully dressed man named BAD GEORGE, who looks like a street minstrel, talks on the street in front of a fancy restaurant. Bad George is obnoxiously

yelling in Bob's face.

BAD GEORGE

Bob! What tidings I bring you. And such joy. Some of that old rot gut that you and I used to drink. I have three bottles stashed in the bushes out on eighty-second.

BOB

What blew you in?

BAD GEORGE

Think of the fun we can have, if we could only find a ride for a journey to the bushes where the hooch is hid.

BOB

If I shared your wine, I might catch this awful disease you appear to have. My clothes would turn striped, and I would suddenly have bells on my toes, like this here...

Bob points to George's bells on his shoes.

BAD GEORGE

Bob, you're one of the greatest living men on Three-street.

BOB

That is correct.

BAD GEORGE

Surely you can find us a ride somewhere.

Mike sees Scott get out of a limousine across the street.

Bob notices the group of men geting out of a car in front of the restaurant. One of them is Scottie, in a three pieced suit. He is with his Italian girlfriend.

BOB

If it isn't Scottie Favor himself. Blessed are they who have been my closest friends. Now dressed in a three pieced suit and looking every bit a gentleman! He has run headon into his inheritance.

BAD GEORGE

Who?

BOB

George, Budd, Mike. We have waited for this day to come.

Bob charges in the direction of Scottie and his friends.

310

Int. Jakes. Night.

Scottie and his associates, who are men much older than he, perhaps in their thirties, make their way through the yuppie crowd standing in the bar drinking. Hellos and how-do-you-do's are directed at Scottie. A man stops Scott on his way through the crowd.

MAN

Scottie! I haven't seen you in a dogs age. You're looking well. So grown up. Scottie i'd like you to meet Tiger Warren, he's in marketing at Nike. Ed, this is Scottie Favor.

TIGER

Are you Jack Favor's son? hello, pleased to meet you. I'm very sorry about your father.

SCOTTIE

That's really alright. Don't worry about it. The family has taken it very hard, but, we live on with his memory.

TIGER

Scott, have you ever considered a political career?

Bob is following Scottie through the crowd. Scottie walks past Hans, who is having a drink with another man. They recognize eachother but neither speak.

Bob, with Bad George in tow, straightens himself up as the

yuppie crowd looks on disapprovingly. Their smelly clothing betrays them.

BOB

Come, George, watch this. You will see the attention that I get.

Bob looks at his clothes. A bouncer spots them.

BOB

It's true we're drawing attention to ourselves. But Scottie will see that I am dying to see him, and it won't matter how we're dressed.

Scotty and his friends are sitting around a crowded table. As they take their seats, Scottie hears Bob bellowing.

VIEW of Bob being detained by the bouncer.

BOB

God save you! God save you, my sweet boy.

Scotty turns away from Bob, so his back is to him.

BOB

SCOTTIE! My true friend!

Silence for a second, the crowd grows quieter.

BOB

I mean you, Scottie! It's me, Bob!

Without turning toward Bob, Scottie speaks.

SCOTT

I don't know you old man.

GIRL IN CROWD

Who is that bum?

Scottie turns and meets Bob, who kneels next to him.

SCOTTIE

Please leave me alone.

Bob is thinking that Scottie's attitude is a joke.

SCOTTIE

Don't think that I'm the same Scottie that I was before. Everyone has noticed that I have turned away from that life, and, the people who kept me company.

Bob is shocked.

111

Outside, Mike can see thought the windows of the restaurant, Bob and Scottie talking.

112

Int. Jakes. night.

SCOTTIE

When I was young, and you were my street tutor. An instigator for my bad behavior, I was planning a change. There was a time I had the need to learn from you, my former, and psychedelic teacher; and although I love you more dearly than my dead father, I have to turn away. Now that I have, and until I change back....

Bob feels the rejection like a shock.

SCOTT

...don't come near me.

Bob stares at Scott for a second, then he's pulled away by the bouncer.

113

Ext. Jakes. night.

Mike watches Bob and Budd sit down with him.

BUDD
Don't take all this seriously. It's one of his jokes.

114

*N*ightime overhead view of Bob in his greasy derelict hotel bed. He is having nightmares, and suddenly he *cries out!*

BOB

God, God....God!

115

*D*awn views of the city.

116

*M*ike awakes atop a downtown building.

117

*I*nside the Derelict Hotel Day.

Mike enters, and walks through a very quiet, although crowded MAIN ENTRANCE. There is a body on a slab in the middle of the room that is covered with a sheet.

MIKE

Pigeon?

A BOY
Scottie Favor broke his heart.

GARY

He's gone now, either to Heaven or to Hell.

JANE LIGHTWORK

Be sure it isn't to Hell. He's tried to be an

honest sort. I'm the one who heard him cry out last night. He said God, God, God...three or four times. And when I got there I put my hand into the bed and felt his feet. And they were cold as stone. And I checked the rest of his body. And it too was as cold as stone.

BUDD (crying)

It sure is quiet.

Mike approaches Budd.

MIKE

I guess you're gonna miss him the most, Budd.

Mike gives him money, as others carry his body out of the hotel.

MIKE

Here. Maybe you can give him a good burial.

Budd cries.

118

Scott is standing with his mother and a group of mourners at his father's funeral. The sounds of a distant band give Scott the sense of a rebirth, the family name is his own.

Bob's funeral is across the street in another cemetery. Mike and Scott can see each other.

119

Salmon jump up a stream in the wilderness.

120

In the country, Mike looks at the road.

MIKE

I am a coineseur of roads. Tasting roads all my life. This road will never end. It probably goes

all around the world.

He has visions of sagebrush and rock flying into the air as if picked up by a big wind.

Then he lies asleep by the side of the road.

The wind blows across the plain.

121

Mike lies face down in the dirt on the side of the road, as TWO RANCHERS pull to the side of the road and steal Mike's shoes off him as he lies on the ground.

122

Later, a car drives by Mike's sleeping body by the side of the road. It turns around and stops next to Mike. A figure puts Mike in his car and drives off down the road.

123

Int. Car. Day.

Mike's crazy brother is driving the car. He looks over at Mike sleeping.

124

Ext. Desert. Day.

The car disappears down the road. In the sky, the clouds whisk across the frame and we notice that they have somehow formed a gigantic HAPPY FACE.

Superimposed as a title in the bottom of the frame is:

Have a Good Day,
And a Nice Forever.